The Globe-Republican.

D. M. FROST, Publisher.

DODGE CITY, ... KANSAS.

AN OLD PAINTING.

Hanging above my mantel, in a quaintly-carven frame,
There's the picture of a maiden—how I wish I knew her name!
Her cheeks are red as roses, her eyes as blue as air,
And o'er her shoulders ripple the golden waves of hair.

Who was she, in the old time? Whose brush with colors meet
Caught from the sky her eyes' blue, her lips from roses sweet?
And had she then a lover? and was he fond and leal?
Ah! on such witching beauty Love must have set his seal!

Yea, 'twas the same old story they told each other then—
She was the queen of maidens, he was the prince of men.
Their souls in kisses mingled, their eyes looked long desire,
And up their cheeks, like morning, spread young love's happy fire.

Still in the quaintly-carven oak frame of long ago
Smileth the lovely maiden, she whom I fain would know—
Smileth, with face angelic framed in the wavy gold,
Caught in the flush of morning, caught ere the tale was told!

—James Buckham, in Leslie's Weekly.

BRAVE NANCE.

How She Defended the "Professor's" Claim Against Jumpers.

Nance Williams was not beautiful, in the ordinary sense of the word. She was sunburned and freckled and her nose had too much the suggestion of a snub to be an ornament. But she had fine eyes—not large, but small, expressive and fringed with heavy black lashes. She was a strong-limbed, well-developed and hearty girl of 22, or thereabouts, at the time of this story, and was known to the Skytown community as a fearless woman, and no less peculiar than brave.

Peculiar, indeed! She had no relatives that any one knew of, and was all alone 'way out in that Western country, and for a woman to be alone in Dakota in '82-3, and especially "holding down a claim" ten miles from any one, presented a spectacle of self-sacrifice and daring rarely exhibited by the gentler sex.

But Nance was equal to the emergency. If she had a heart to dare, she had an arm all-sufficient for her protection. She could handle a gun with the skill and ease of a professional ranger, and had more than once demonstrated her superb marksmanship. I have seen her break the wildest of bronchos to the saddle, and by a score of similar acts proclaim herself the mistress of her situation.

Yet, with all her masculine qualities, she was feminine to the greatest degree in some of the sweeter virtues of her sex. She was ready-witted, bright and tender-hearted, and whenever she came into the store to trade it was a treat for me to draw her out in conversation. She was usually very reserved, but from time to time I gleaned a few facts concerning her early life. She was born in California. There was a tinge of Indian blood in her mother's veins and her father was a miner—a "forty-niner." Her whole life had been thrown in the most rugged surroundings, and I could not but wonder how she had grown up into her scatheless womanhood. She was a diamond in the rough—I could see that, and I gloried in it; but how she supported herself and why she buried herself away out in that lonely region afar from womankind and civilization were mysteries to us all.

Along in the summer of '83 a young fellow from the East came to Skytown and settled down among us. He was a pale, sickly-looking individual, slightly built, had blue eyes, curly yellow hair and wore goggles. He was very refined in his language and dress and carried himself with such a scholarly air that he was immediately christened "Professor." His father, he told me, had sent him West for his health. He had come to Dakota with the avowed intention of roughing it, and wanted me to advise him the proper method for seeing the greatest amount of pioneer life in the shortest possible time. I advised him to take up a claim, roll up his sleeves and do as we Dakotans did. He followed my advice to the letter. I introduced him to Charley Atwood, and he purchased of him the relinquishment of a fine quarter of ground, three miles from town, remodeled the shack a little to suit his convenience, and started in to experience Dakota life. In some manner he became acquainted with Nance Williams, and they grew to be steadfast friends. I knew their friendship was warm, but did not dream it was so strong as after events proved.

One night, about eight o'clock, Nance Williams came into the store. She did not show much excitement, but her eyes blazed in a manner that evidenced her feelings. She approached me and said in low tone:

"I'd like ter speak with you, Mr. Barlow."

She looked sideways at two or three loafers in the store and I knew she desired to see me privately. I was somewhat surprised, but conducted her to my little chubby-hole of an office.

"What do you suppose Rice Fielding, Tom Jenkins an' all that gang are goin' ter do to-night?"

Her voice shook with passion.

"I can not imagine, Miss Williams," said I, in a tone of alarm.

"They're over at Spangler's plotting to beat the professor out o' his claim!"

"You don't tell me!"

"I do, though. You see, the professor is out o' town an' that gang knows it, so they're goin' to try an' steal his place."

"But they can't——."

"They say they can. They say they'll try an' give the tenderfoot a big scare, anyway. Why, I never heard o' such an outrage!"

"How do they intend to go to work to get the professor's claim?"

"I heard 'em talkin' it all over. Said they'd take along a keg o' whisky an' move into his shack an' stay there. They're goin' up to-night. They won't have any time to-morrow 'cause the professor'll get back then. You know he went to Jimtown Tuesday. Can't you do somethin', Mr. Barlow?"

"The law won't uphold them, Miss—"

She snapped her fingers.

"*That* for the law! I tell you these fellers shan't get into the professor's shack if I can help it."

She drew herself together like an angry Amazon and her eyes were twin coals of fire.

"I beg of you don't be rash, Miss Williams. Remember—"

There came a chorus of yells from Spangler's. Nance Williams listened a moment.

"Hear that," she said harshly, "they're gettin' ready to go. It's time I was movin'. You mark my words, Mr. Barlow, the professor's claim is safe—Nance Williams says so."

She rushed out of the store and away into the night. A few minutes after a horse came past at lightning speed with Mad-Cap Nance crouching low in the saddle and speeding away on her hare-brained mission.

Shouts and yells came from Spangler's, and not long after Nance had gone a drunken rabble rode by the store in the direction she had taken. I felt certain something of a serious nature was threatened so, as soon as I could leave the store, I saddled my horse and followed.

The moon had come out of the purple sky overhead. In her light the landscape was brought out with startling distinctness, for Dakota moons are noted for their intense brilliancy. Tom Jenkins' gang had a half-hour the start of me and I put my horse to the run in order that I might be on hand with as little delay as possible. As my horse clattered over the bridge that spanned the Pipe-stem, I heard a succession of faint rifle shots from the direction of the professor's claim.

"My God," I cried, "the girl will be killed!" and I lashed my horse to greater speed.

It had never occurred to me that I would be helpless in an encounter with the drunken rabble. I had thought of nothing but getting upon the ground in the quickest possible time, for it was more than probable that Nance Williams would be alone at the mercy of the crowd. As I drew nearer and nearer my destination I heard cries from time to time, and my nerves were all a-tremble with excitement and apprehension. When I came close to the professor's claim shanty, however, I realized that Nance Williams was in no immediate danger for the men, some ten or twelve in number, stood counseling together. From their loud talk I gleaned that they had met with a disappointment—they had thought that the professor was in Jimtown, while they had found him in the shack, on hand to protect his property.

"What's the matter, boys?" I inquired, springing from my horse.

"It's Barlow," said Tom Jenkins to his associates in a low and not very delighted voice. Then, advancing toward me he asked: "What do you want, Ike Barlow?"

"To see fair play," said I, promptly; "what are you fellows here for?"

"'Tain't nothin' to you. You go back to town an' leave us alone."

While I was haranguing Tom Jenkins, Rice Fielding, his partner, tried to steal up to the door of the house. He had gone barely half way, however, when a rifle was thrust through a partly-open window and fired in his direction. The bullet whistled uncomfortably near him, and Rice retreated with more haste than gracefulness.

"No use, Rice," said Tom Jenkins; "the feller means business. There's only one way to get at him, an' that's to burn him out."

"Look here," I cried, excitedly; "have you men any idea of the crime you are perpetrating? This outrage ——"

There were several derisive yells from the crowd and I could see they were too much bent upon mischief to be influenced by me.

"Say, Barlow, you know as well as I do that Charley Atwood hadn't no right to jump that claim in the first place. That there place belongs to me an' Tom, an' the rest of the fellers are goin' to help me get it back, so you just keep mum an' get out o' the way!"

Ah, that was the idea! It was a fact the quarter had originally been filed on by Rice Fielding, but he never went near it and made no pretension of living up to the law, consequently it became jumpable and Charley Atwood had taken advantage of this fact. All the while Atwood held the place, Fielding had made no move to get it back, but now that the professor had bought it a fancied wrong rankled in Fielding's breast. In this view of the case I thought best not to tell the men they were battling against a woman. The chances were they would consider her more easily imposed upon than the professor and, pushing to greater extremeties, the affair might be made infinitely worse. I decided to draw one side and watch the affair passively, and then, when it reached a climax, I would do my utmost to protect Nance Williams.

Going to the rear of the house where there were no windows or doors through which a rifle could be fired, preparations were made to burn the building. A billet of wood was saturated with the oil of a lantern one of the men had brought, and, lighting this torch and taking an armful of straw, Rice Fielding approached to burn the professor's shack. Before he could put his plan into operation, however, a figure appeared on the roof of the house. Standing aloft, stern and undaunted, upon the flat roof, Nance Williams covered Rice Fielding with her rifle.

"Not another step," she cried, warningly, "not another inch or you're a dead man!"

"Good God!" yelled Fielding, "it's Nance!"

There she stood, erect as a statue—a target for a dozen guns!

"Nance Williams," I cried, "for God's sake come down."

"If they take the professor's claim they walk over my dead body ter get it. What are you goin' to do, Rice Fielding?"

"Don't shoot, boys. Nance—put up your gun—I'll quit. In heaven's name don't stand there."

"I'll stand here till every last one o' you gits acrost the Pipestem. Now, you fellows move or I'll shoot anyhow!"

Well, they "moved," and I never saw such a dismayed lot of men as mounted their horses and rode toward Skytown. They were not too much inebriated to realize that twelve men had made war on one woman, and they went back conscious of defeat.

But what ailed Fielding? At the very climax of his expedition he had weakened. What caused it? Nance Williams happened to be in the store two or three days after and I asked her.

"Huh!" said she, contemptuously, "he wants me to marry him, an' I'd see him dead an' buried afore I'd stoop so low as that after what he tried to do to the professor." She paused a moment, and I saw a tear steal down her cheek. "I never liked but one feller in my life, Mr. Barlow, an' Bill—he died. I'll tell you 'bout him some time. Good-bye."

She left the store in a hurry.

"Women are women the world over," thought I, and I pitied poor Nance from the bottom of my heart.—William Wallace Cook, in Detroit Free Press.

AN INTERESTING FAMILY.

A Carolina Log Cabin Which Shelters a Remarkable Colony.

In the western part of North Carolina, and about seven miles west of Hot Springs, there lives a family by the name of Brooks. It is a very interesting one, and many visitors to the quiet little town of Hot Springs have had their curiosity so aroused by stories of this family that they have hired teams and driven seven miles to the Brooks residence. This consists of a little, low log cabin in an unsettled district, and is occupied by father, mother and twenty exceptionally handsome children. Every one is a blonde, with golden yellow hair and peachy complexion, and all as ignorant, wild and untutored as they are beautiful. In addition to the above family proper, the two oldest girls are married; one is a widow with two children, and the other has three children and a husband. Both these little families are living with the old folks at home, making in all a family of twenty-eight, when none are missing. The home, or log cabin, consists of but one room, and that a very small one. On two sides of this are built seven berths, one above another, against the wall, and they were evidently built with the cabin. In these "boxes" the parents, children and grandchildren lay themselves away when night comes on. Three times a day this interesting family may be seen at meals. The oldest members seat themselves about on the ground in front of the house, "Indian fashion," and are favored with tin plates and iron spoons, while the younger ones stand around a rough, home-made table inside the cabin, eating beans with a relish that is good to look upon. This is the principal diet; now and then they have a change, but it is of the same plain, cheap order. They are all healthy and robust, knowing nothing of sickness. The father of this family, who has to "hustle" for the "beans" to fill the twenty-eight hungry mouths, makes as high as $18 some months, but oftener his income will not exceed $15 per month, which trifling sum he earns by walking seven miles daily to Hot Springs to work in the mill of a Mr. Frank Gahagan. The mother, who has a baby in arms, seems contented and happy as she sits with one foot on the side of the home-made cradle, made of an ordinary pine box, with rockers sawed out of a rough board, which she every now and then gives "a vigorous kick" to keep the cradle moving, while she sings over and over again a few lines of some old hymn she has learned. Every one is struck with the remarkable beauty of the children, from the youngest to the oldest. It is something wonderful. The parents have found names for all but one, which is without a name yet.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

WILKIE COLLINS' FAILURE.

He Came to America to Read but was Compelled to Quit.

In 1873 Mr. Collins visited the United States and was cordially received, although his public readings from his novels were not successful. His appearance in Philadelphia was a notable one. Mr. Collins had appeared two nights before for the first time, in Albany, and there were mysterious hints given out that he had greatly disappointed his hearers and saddened the hearts of his managers. In Horticultural Hall, however, he was welcomed by a very large audience, and a very friendly one, representing the culture of this city. The programme called for the reading of an original ghost story. Some peculiar English paraphernalia in the way of an odd-looking sounding-board, made of red muslin, and a little desk, were the great novelist's environment, and he was earnestly admonished, before going on the platform, that he must keep up his voice and read slowly and distinctly.

His reception was most cordial, and every thing started off well, but in less than ten minutes the reader's voice sank almost to a muffled undertone. What the story was about not one-third of those present could tell, and those in the front seats who could hear seemed to be more disgusted than those in the rear. An hour passed, when the reader, unfortunately for himself, took a recess. When he returned nearly one-half his audience had disappeared, among them the leading representatives and editors of the Philadephia newspapers, and some from New York. Mr. Collins plodded along until the weary end, and it was the end of himself as well as his "ghost" in this country. He had bankrupted his managers, and a few days later, after making a formal appearance, with like ill success, in two or three other towns, he set sail for England, a sadly disappointed man. The press almost with one accord declared him the worst of a bad lot of English platform readers who at that time were making annual raids upon the finances of the American people.—Philadelphia Record

TRAVELS OF A WATCH.

The Average Time-Piece That Covers 6570 Miles in Two Years.

Of all the articles of luxury which in the course of centuries have become necessities the watch is, no doubt, the one that peforms the most remarkable feats. Yet it is in many cases the most sadly neglected. Man will eat and sleep as a matter of course, without thinking once in a thousand times that by so doing he maintains the numerous parts of his organism which through pulsation indicate the state of regularity. Man will wind a watch without calculating in doing so upon the force set in motion. Take a cylinder watch of the average size, for instance. A glance at the movement shows, first of all, a small cog-wheel moving rapidly back and forth without completing the revolutions. Every single swing of this balance wheel is equal to about 72 degrees, three-fourths of a revolution—averages having been taken in all figures to be adduced for the matter of convenience. The diameter of the balance wheel is usually, in the average sized watch, seven-twelfths of an inch, the circumference consequently twenty-one-twelfths, or one and three-quarters of an inch. The small point of resistance at the outer periphery of the balance wheel consequently covers with each swing a distance of ⅞x1¾ of an inch, which is equal to one and five-sixteenths of an inch. An attentive observer will find by carefully watching the second hand of the watch that there are five swings, or steps, in each second. That means 18,000 swings an hour, or 432,000 in a day of twenty-four hours. Consequently the point of resistance covers in a day 432,000x1 5-15 of an inch, or 568,667 inches, or 47,389 feet, which is, within a fraction of about one-fortieth, nearly nine miles. If a good watch runs two years without repairs, the point of resistance has made 6,570 miles without a stop.

In an ancre movement of the same size as the cylinder watch referred to, each swing of the balance wheel is twice as large. Each given point at the outer circumference of the balance wheel—for there is no point of resistance in the ancre watch—would cover in twenty-four hours a distance of 18, or in two years 13,140 miles. At this rate it would take the balance wheel, sometimes erroneously called escapement, about three years and nine months to cover a distance equal to the circumference of the earth.

No sensible man would for a moment entertain the idea that a diminutive wagon with wheels of seven-twelfths of an inch diameter could travel around the earth in three years and nine months, even if there were an absolutely level road to travel on. Repairs would take up half the time. The watch is only able to perform its remarkable feats on account of the diminutive weight and yet immense hardness of its parts and an almost infinitesimal degree of friction. The latter is so much reduced that a single drop of oil is sufficient for five years in a high grade watch.

Another achievement of the watch is the degree of exactness with which it works. The swings of the escapement are rendered isochronous (of equal duration) by means of the hairspring, the regulating being done by the lengthening or shortening of the spring. For instance, if a watch differs two minutes, either too slow or too fast, in twenty-four hours, it means that—inasmuch as there are 432,000 swings in that period of time—each swing is the three thousand six hundredth part of a second too long or too short of absolute correctness. If, therefore, the correction is to be made that the watch shall differ only half a minute in a day, each swing of the escapement has to be regulated by the one-fourteen thousandth part of a second—a part of time that as to duration can hardly be comprehended unless it is with the quickness of thought.

The watch, if otherwise properly constructed, is assisted only once a day by the winding, not counting those marvel's of the watch-maker's art which run unassisted for a week or even a month. Taking this into consideration, it is indeed marvelous how the inanimate metal has been rendered serviceable by the laws of art and nature—it is, in a word, a miracle in the vest-pocket.—Chicago Tribune.

SOME ABSURD NOTIONS.

The Man in the Moon and Other Superstitions Regarding Luna.

Almost every country on the globe has its legends and superstitions concerning the phenomena known throughout the civilized world as "the man in the moon," and many are the stories told to account for the singular appearances which all have noticed in the face of the Luna on beautiful clear nights. In some countries the picture is supposed to be that of two male lions engaged in deadly combat. In most Oriental countries it is supposed to be the picture of a single lion: throughout Europe, Austria and America the figures are thought to be fair representatives of a man and a blazing brush pile. Bishop Wilkins, in his book called "The Moon a Habitable World," says: "As for the forme of the spots on the moon, some thinke they represent a man, and poets guess 'tis the boy Endymoin, whose company Luna loved so well she takes him with her. Others will only have it to be the face of a man, as the moon is pictured; but Albertus thinks rather that it represents a lyon with his face towards the west and his tayle towards the east; others, again, think it muche resembles a fox; certainly, it is as much like a lyon as that in the Zodiayke, or as Ursa Major is lyke a beare." When or how these absurd notions originated no one seems to know; however, it seems that the people of each country think their own theories the best. The Jews, for instance, on account of some Talmudic story, believe the lines and spots to be a picture of the old patriarch Jacob.

The old-folk lore tell us that the figure represented is that of the man the children of Israel found gathering sticks on the Sabbath day, for which crime he was doomed to burn brush in sight of the world for all time to come. See Numbers, xv., 32.—St. Louis Republic.

THE LATEST FASHIONS.

Winter Street Toilettes—A Pretty Trousseau for a Southern Bride.

Faced cloths and rough-surfaced yet soft-finished camel's-hair stuffs are chosen for street costumes and for church suits, and will continue to be worn at afternoon receptions where silks, brocades and velvets are also seen. A long princess polonaise, trimmed with sable or other fur, and slightly lifted far toward the back to disclose a skirt of cloth or velvet of a contrasting color, is a fashionable design for such toilettes, and very short high-shouldered capes of the cloth and velvet are added for greater warmth in the street. More youthful gowns of lighter blue, pale Eiffel red, or grayish green cloth have black Persian lamb borders, also of narrow widths, with gilt and silver braid passementerie for trimmings. The small cape has a collar of great height, with cloth outside and fur lining, or else it is entirely of fur, cut to flare outward and wired, while a point of the fur extends to the end of the cape in front. A toque, with or without strings, is made of the cloth for the crown, with velvet along the edges, and requires no other trimming. Camel's-hair dresses have the round skirt now worn, with all its fullness at the back, and a bodice with girdle of velvet and full velvet vest under jacket shaped front, and the coat sleeves are full at the top, with velvet cuffs. Bordered camel's-hair dresses, the ground plum, bright red, reseda or storm blue, with black stripes for the border at the foot of the round skirt, and diagonally at the top of the full coat sleeves, are very pretty when made with a black coat-basque that is cut up in square tabs and trimmed with black Persian fur and wide gold braid.

A pretty trousseau for a Southern bride contained a wedding dress of ivory satin brocade in palm leaf design, made with the front of waist and skirt of a single breadth, merely pleated in shape at the waist line and fastened under the left arm, then falling on a petticoat of white mousseline de chiffon, doubled and drawn in shirred tucks below the hips; the neck was draped with soft folds of the mousseline; the back of the waist was pointed, and the brocaded train was draped on its edges. A "black silk" dress for this bride was of peau de soie, with pink blossoms and green foliage brocaded along its selvages, made up in princesse shape, over plain black peau de soie, with green vest and green collar under the new black Eiffel tower lace—altogether a different dress from the black silk gown of former days. A reception dress of pale silver gray brocade combined with bengaline has the brocade for the basque, the full high-shouldered sleeves, and for one side of the skirt, with trimming of silver cord and a shirred breadth of gray mousseline de chiffon in the front. The traveling gown of shaggy camel's hair, in an indefinite plaid of dark red and brown, had a round skirt with two great box plats behind, hooked on the waist, with frills erect at top, the front was made dressy with full diagonal crossed folds of dark red velvet showing no darts, velvet sleeves and collar of velvet. A visiting dress of green cloth had a great deal of velvet on the front of the bodice, opening on a plastron of the daintiest brocade, with a white ground strewn with tiny flowers. A fur cape was to be worn with these dresses, and there was also a gray plush jacket bordered with soft gray mouflon fur. A little dress for informal dinners was of gray satin in the new cord striping made up with silver cord knotted in meshes, and the stripes meeting in the skirt in Eiffel tower fashion. The evening cloak was a great Russian coat of white crepon laid over pink silk, and lined with white lima fur which also formed the large collar.—Harper's Bazar.

NEW TEA-TABLE FAD.

A Little Ceremony That is Decidedly Pleasing to the Eye.

A pretty device for making tea, Chinese fashion, at the home table and afternoon teas, and for serving delicate refreshments to callers, consists of a hollow ball of gold or silver about the size of a walnut suspended from a finger ring by a slender chain four or five inches long. The ball divides in the middle, and the halves are hinged. It is perforated with innumerable holes. Sometimes it is made of gold or silver wire gauze. The hostess uses it in this wise: She opens the hollow ball, fills the halves with dry tea leaves and clasps it shut. She then slips the ring from which it is suspended upon one of the fingers of the right hand. Filling a tea-cup with hot water, she lets the ball hang in the cup, and moves it back and forth and up and down until the water is colored to the desired strength. The strength of the tea, of course, depends upon the length of time the ball is dawdled in the cup. The little ceremony is much pleasanter to the eye than the old way of pouring out tea, especially if the hostess be graceful and have a prettily modeled hand and wrist. Moreover, it produces an immeasurably finer cup of tea than can be had by any other method. At afternoon teas the hostess sits upon her divan, with the trinket suspended from her finger, and the tea at a table by her side. The tea ball, as it is called, is moreover an encouragement to the custom, borrowed with it from the Chinese, of serving tea to callers—an adjunct to entertaining methods which is rapidly becoming popular. Hot water, of course, is always at hand, and this easy and graceful way of making the tea in the guest's presence forbids the suspicion that the hostess is putting herself to inconvenience in providing it. Besides being refreshing, the tea conduces to ease and sociability.—Chicago Journal.

—The gold-beaters of Berlin exhibited at the Paris exposition gold leaves so thin that it would require 282,000 to produce the thickness of a single inch, yet each leaf is so perfect and free from holes as to be impenetrable by the strongest electric light. If these leaves were bound in book form it would take 15,000 to fill the space of ten common book leaves. One volume of these leaves an inch in thickness would contain as many pages as a whole library of 1,500 volumes of paper books with an average of 400 pages to the book

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—More than sixty young Methodist women have taken up the course of study for evangelists and deaconesses, under the instruction of the Rev. D. A. Wright in Chicago.

—There are 2,340 Catholic priest with 1,358,455 Catholic population in England, and 329 priests with 338,643 Catholic population in Scotland. Ireland has 3,254 priests and 3,792,357 Catholic population.

—The Baptists in London are to begin the forward movement which they have been long contemplating, the object of which is to carry on the work of the Gospel much more energetically. Special services will be held in the John Street Chapel.

—Prof. Thayer tells of a Yale graduate who, after wandering far and long in skepticism and regaining his spritual equipoise, confessed that "there was one thing which, all through, he could never quite get away from, and that was President Woolsey's prayers."

—This three-fold repetition, "I will instruct thee," "I will teach thee," "I will guide thee," reveals the three properties of a good teacher. (1) to make the pupils understand the way to salvation; (2) to go before them; (3) to watch over them and their ways.—Old Writer.

—At Oxford, in England, it is announced that women "who are graduates of colleges included in the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, U. S. A.," will be admitted to the Honor Examinations without further condition. All other women must first pass certain examinations.

—President Patton, of Princeton College, in a recent address to the students, advised them not to forget their religion when coming to college, but to be sure to bring it with them, and not to lose it while there. Religion that is really anchored in the heart will always bear transportation.—N. Y. Independent.

—During the past year British Foreign Missionary Societies have contributed $6,134,000 for work in Pagan and Mohammedan lands. Of this amount $2,300,000 came from societies connected with the Church of England; $1,885,000 from English and Welsh Nonconformists; $1,014,000 from Presbyterians in Scotland and Ireland.

—A royal decree has been promulgated in favor of the American mission established in Congo for evangelizing blacks. Another decree accords to the Governor General of the Congo the power of expelling from the State all persons whose presence may be considered dangerous, and also those who have undergone criminal condemnation in other countries.

—"The Japanese are equally ready to believe or disbelieve in God and a future life," is the opinion of a recent traveler in that country. "And which they will do depends on the question whether faith or infidelity is most in accordance with reason. They are acute metaphysicians, and have the most profound respect for logic. If they become Christians they will strip Christianity of a great many of its traditional dogmas that seem to them to be irrational. But they are so mercurial in temperament that they can not take even religion seriously."

WIT AND WISDOM.

—In the race of life it isn't the fast men who come out ahead.—Pinghamton Republican.

—Hush-money, when used, is more apt than any other money to make a noise. —N. O. Picayune.

—As long as a young man estimates a pretty face above industrious hands, he is not old enough, or has not sense enough, to marry.

—We have not a muscle whose law of strength is not action; we have not a faculty of body, mind or soul whose law of improvement is not energy.

—If anybody gives you ill-language rather pity him than be moved to anger. You will find that silence or very gentle words are the very best revenge.

—Almost everybody in this world is susceptible to flattery. The easiest way to flatter some people is to remark to them how impervious to flattery they are.—Somerville Journal.

—To be content with what we have is the real secret of happiness. The real needs of humanity are comparatively few; but the artificial and conventional are illimitable and insatiable.

—A hundred are ready to run and tell of a great deed done by somebody else, where one is ready to run and do a great deed. Telling of good deeds is well; but doing of good deeds is better.—S. S. Times.

—The hardest thing is to keep cheerful under the little stings that come from uncongenial surroundings, the very insignificance of which adds to their power to annoy, because they can not be wrestled with and overcome, as in the case of larger hurts.—Once a Week.

—It is a great secret known to but few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation the first thing you should consider is whether he has a greater inclination to hear or that you should hear him.—Steele.

—Languid, low-toned color or goodness never overcomes any thing. It must be positive, full of blood, radiant as an angel. Then a man shall go out with a conception of goodness into the community, and wherever he goes he will carry conviction to evil, so far as conviction can be produced at all.

—The most precious of all possessions is the power over ourselves; power to withstand trial, to bear suffering, to front danger, power over pleasure and pain; power to follow our convictions, however resisted by menace and scorn; the power of calm reliance in scenes of darkness and storm.

—We have innumerable advantages these days; at no age of the world were there so many and of so good a kind. And yet it is more difficult to live a thoroughly consistent life than at many periods of the past. Our ideals are higher; the practical pattern by which we live is more refined and elevated, and the temptations that beset us partake of the energy that belongs to our living.—United Presbyterian.